DAILY HONOLULU PRESS.

VOLUME I. HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1885. NO. 12.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In order to commence the issue of this paper on the 1st of September, we are compelled to adopt a temporary heading which will be replaced by one of handsome design and finish as soon as the electrotype plate can be obtained from the Coast, when the whole make up of the paper will be changed and improved.

PROPRIETORS DAILY HONOLULU PRESS

CROSS ROADS STORE.

["Betsy Hamilton" in Atlanta Constitution.]

T'other day ma and maw walked over to the cross roads store to do a little tradin', and as we come in sight and seen the gang that was gethered 'round the door, maw she lowed:

"Betsy, it's jist as your pap says; it takes a heap of different sort of folks to make a world."

It was Saddy, and they was awaitin' for the mail; it don't come but once't a week, and they inginnerly waits tel then to come to the store. The women folks comes, too, and fetches ther babies and little ficedogs, and sometimes they fetch aiggs and ingon buttons and dried fruit to swap for cotton cards and factory thread and snuff.

They comes soon of a mornin' and sets about all day long and dip snuff and smoke and lugs ther babies, and if anybody kicks the little fice, it makes 'em as mad as if you'd a slapt the baby.

Ther is allers a gang of half grown boys a pitchin' horse-shoes and a playin' marvels under them trees back of the store; they sound like they are quarrelin' all the time, but they are havin' a power of fun. "Vench your roundance." "Look at Bill, he's a fudgin." "Fat and stick it." "Thar now, Jim's dead." "That's not far, Jake he fudged, it's not far, so it haint. Jim's not dead, kase Jake he fudged." "Taws on the middle," "vench your backs." "Knucks," "Roundance, no losance." "Kicks." Vench your taws." "Fat and go last;" and with all of this some of 'em can't keep from mixin' in a few oaths. Some boys think they can't be a man tel they learn how to cuss.

The men folks inginnerly sets on them goods boxes 'fore the store door and chaws tobacker and smokes ther pipes and whittles sticks and talks religion and politics and the craps and the weather and waits for the mail. Some of them never got a letter in their lives; I know it reason old Wigginsoker never, and if he did he couldn't read it, but he takes the county papers, "Our Mountain Home" and "The Reporter and Watchtower." They had his name in one of 'em once't, and he has been a takin' of it ever sense. His old 'oman raised a terrible big beet in her garden and he tuck it to town, and the paper said it was "a beet that beat all the beets in that beat," and sense then he's been a havin' the papers read to him and a listenin' for his name. He can't write and he don't git no letters, but reg'lar as a Saddy comes, he pokes his head and creens his neck over the railin' at the postoffice and axes: "Air thar airy docky-ment for me?—A. J. Wigginsoker, Esq., or Jim Wigginsoker as it wair, airy one; well gimme my paper of thar haint no docky-ment."

Squire Roberson ingennerly reads the paper, and they all gethers round him to hear the news, and if he haint thar to read it, old man Simpson tries to spell it out for 'em and they know about as much when he quits as when he sot in, but they 'pear to go home satisfied. Sometimes a fancy dressed drummer will be thar, and they'll git him to read, though some of 'em had sooner listen at him talk as read. He tells the news from ever whars; and as he talks old Wigginsoker and old man Simpson listens with ther under jaw drapt, and believes every word of it, whether thar's airy bit of truth in it or no. They've got confidence in Squire Roberson. Some of 'em never gives ther opinion on nothin' tel they hear what Squire Roberson thinks on the subject. Old man Simpson will go with the squire in politics every time; but when it comes to religion nobody can't turn his head. He reads the Bible and puts his own meaning on what he reads, and Mr. Nobody needn't try to tell him different. He knows what he reads, and sees with his own eyes better'n anybody else can tell him.

He will set and argy his pint a half a day, or as long as anybody has got the time or keers to listen, and he don't think nobody can get to heaven lessen they believe his way. But he is ignant and don't know no better.

They had read the papers and talked over the news, and old man Simpson was deep in a Bible argy-ment, when one of the boys come a runnin' and lowed: "Some of you'unses had better come yander and part them ar boys. They've fit and fit and fit, and done fought tel Jim's year's all a bleedin'."

"Whose a fightin'?" says Squire Roberson.

"Why, Jake Simmons was a tryin' to kill Jim Loftis. Jim he fudged, and Jake he tuck roundance on Jim, and Jim he hit Jake, and, and—and—and—"

"He never none, he never none, no sich of a thing. Jake he hit Jim fust, so he did," says another boy. And five or six were tryin' to tell it, all talkin' at one't, and all tellin' it different, and all talkin' so loud we couldn't skarcely tell who it was nor what it was. When we got out thar Jake had Jim down with his year in his mouth, and all the boys were gathered around aggin' of 'em and sickin on 'em on to fight like two dogs.

"Hit him, Jake—that's right—hit him in the short ribs."

"Bite him, Jim. Hit him in the bud of the year". Pull his har, Jim. Bite him, Jim. Now you got him. Fling him down, Jim."

"Gouge him Jake, 'fore he flings you. Look out, Jake, he is a tryin' to fling you. That's right, Jake, trip him up. Now dif him in the bud of the year. That's right, Jake, bite him." And thar they had it all over the play grond. The old men run up and jerked Jake off'n Jim and parted 'em, and they was so bloody and dusty ther own mammies wouldn't have knowed 'em.

"Come, Betsy, yess us be a gwine," says maw. "I knowed that was the way it was a gwine to eend when I hearn all that cussin'."

"It takes a heap of sorts of folks to make the world," says pap.

Town "Licker."

An old fellow who lives among the Ozark mountains came to Little Rock to visit his son. "Well, father," said the son when the old gentleman had been in town several days, "how do you like the city?" "Pretty well, but I ain't got used to the whisky. That liquor up there in the jug seems to have a quar taste about it." "Great Caesar! you haven't been drinking out of that jug." "Yas, but as I say, the liquor tastes quar." "My stars, father, you have been drinking turpentine!" "That so? Wall, as I said, it tastes quar. I didn't know but that it was the way with all town liquor."

ROTHESAY BAY.

[Mrs. Mulock-Craik.]

Fu' yellow lie the corn-rigs
Far doun the braid hillside;
It is the brawest harst field
Alang the shores o' Clyde—
And I'm a puir harst-lassie
That stan's the leo-lang day
Sheering the corn-rigs of Ardbeg
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

O I had ance a true-love—
Now, I hae none ava;
And I had ance three brithers,
But I hae tint them a';
My father and my mither
Sleep i' the mools this day.
I sit my lane amang the rigs
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

It's a bonnie bay at morning,
And bounier at the noon,
But it's bonniest when the sun draps
And red comes up the moon:
When the mist creeps o'er the Cumbrays,
And Arran peaks are gray,
And the great black hills, like sleepin' kings,
Sit grand roun' Rothesay Bay.

Then a bit sigh stirs my bosom,
And a wee tear blin's my e'e—
And I think o' that far Countrie
What I wad like to be!
But I rise content i' the morning
To wark while wark I may
I' the yellow harst field of Ardbeg
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some Bits of Information Worth Pasting in Your Scrap-Book.

[Robert J. Burdette.]

Westward Ho—Certainly, son; go to California by all means. Glorious climate. First six months of the year they pray for rain; t'other six months they climb trees and run away from floods.

Spiritus—No, we don't know who said: "The good die yung." But if you are no better than your spelling you will have to cut your fourth set of teeth and see a president elected without a scandal.

Melville—Your drama covers too much ground, like a Colorado cattle company. It reminds us of a "patent insides" newspaper, which contains in one column interesting and interwoven articles on "Spring Work in the Garden," "Summer Bathing and Directions for Treating Persons Rescued from Drowning," How to Collect and Preserve Autumn Leaves," and "Household Christmas Decorations."

Aristophanes—Your joke about the bathing suit being so small that it was carried in the pocket-book is good. It is too good to use. It will keep. At least it has kept all summer, and this cold weather will not impair its vitality. What we particularly like about it is its air of newness—its unmistakable flavor of originality. There is no veneer or imitation about it. It is original. So was the ark, Aristophanes, so was the ark.

Dreamer—You must indeed be a dreamer. Want to know where you will find a poem containing the line,

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year.

Never heard of such a poem, and if the line you quote has any existence at all, it must be in the airy cobwebs of your own dreamy brain. Dream out the rest of it, and we'll print it for you. Send the MS. to the business office, they're offering special rates for melancholy poetry in car lots this season.

Nicotine—The custom of making genuine imported Havana cigars of brown paper and wrapping them with leather had its origin among the Connecticut cigarmakers in the hard times of eighteen hundred and naughty five, when the tobacco crop failed and the most rigid economy had to be practiced by manufacturers and consumers. As you say you are only 19 years old, it doesn't make any difference to you what cigars are made of. You can get just as sick on burnt leather as you can on tobacco, and you'll enjoy it just as much.

Young Theologue—Yes, we think you might class "gosh dum" and "dad bing" as profane swearing. "Gaul ding" may also be considered a swear word. "I'm swizzled" is another All these words bear the same relation to thoroughbred, sky-blue profanity that the pale-pink lemonade of the Sunday school picnic does to the raw whisky of the target company's excursion. They are the outgrowth of a terrible struggle, a theological compromise arranged by our Puritan ancestors, who recognized with a faultless spiritual vision and worldly acumen the necessity of a pure life and a sinless vocabulary, and at the same time the utter impossibility of plowing a New England stone patch without a class of words designed to relieve the overburdened mind and astonished feelings every time the plow handles broke a man's ribs and extorted every last drop of vital breath from his panting body.

Lincolnshire Dialect.

[Hartford Courant.]

Our American custom of calling the prong of a fork a tyne is a Lincolnshire peculiarity, and came over with our fathers. The more general word prong is indeed driving it out, but a tyne is understood in Lincolnshire alone. The older men here distinctly remember the pronunciation of nature and creature, natur and critter, just as they were pronounced in New England fifty years ago. Perhaps the most amusing of these local peculiarities is the old-fashioned Lincolnshire way of calling a cucumber a cowcumber, which the older readers of The Courant will promptly recall as common in their childhood. So, too, the quaint archaism which many of us so well remember of calling a cow a caow, and a pound a paound, remains in full force not only in Lincolnshire, but has extended throughout England, and may be called the accepted pronunciation of the diphthong ou. I hear it not only in the cathedral pulpits, but on the lips of the shopboys. It has survived in Philadelphia and perhaps elsewhere with us, but it has mainly been laughed out of New England.

But to me the most interesting connection between Lincolnshire and New England pronunciation is the little word "been." It has long been a wonder to me how and why that word should be pronounced not only in New England, but throughout the United States, so differently from what it is in England, and all her many colonies. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, Australia, Nova Scotia, South Africa, it is made to rhyme with seen and between, whereas in our country it is made to rhyme with sin and din. It was all explained when I came to Lincolnshire and found that the old local usage there was to call it bin, and that it is not entirely driven out to this day. I have not been able to trace that other old-fashioned pronunciation of the same word, "ben;" I could not find it in Lincolnshire. But many words which the older people will remember as now mostly gone by, such as put with a short u, pretty pronounced puhty and purty, heard pronounced beard, I find well remembered in Lincoln and Boston.

Sitting Bull spreads his napkin on a chair and sits on it.